THE UNDERGRADUATE.

"DE OMNIBUS REBUS, ET QUIBUSDAM ALIIS."

VOL. I. MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE, JULY 14, 1831. No. 19.

Critical Remarks
On Mrs Emma Willard's Poems.

"Old Orpheus played so well he mov'd old Nick;
"Thou movest nothing but thy fiddle-stick."
Epigram on a bad Fiddler.

PARODY.

The lady wrote to move the hearts of men;
But lucklessly she only mov'd her pen.

There is a moving charm in poetry, not unlike the pleasing sensation produced by the union of delightful sounds. It has a charm for all who are not insensible to every finer feeling of nature, whether their tempers partake more of the harsh or gentle, the gloomy or gay.—There is power in poetry—and no mind is so original in all its parts, that it cannot be influenced by the harmony of numbers. The stormiest passions of the human soul, when aroused from their dark retreat, and excited to the highest swell of their ungoverned rage, become tame and powerless before the breathings of the spirit of poetry, like the waves of ocean, when the hand that roused, shall calm their rage. And the gentle passions of the mind that slumber there so quietly that the heart is hardly conscious of their existence, and which might remain, even from themselves, concealed, till freed from the fetters of earth and called forth by the music of Heaven, come at the bidding of poetry, and kindle with an enthusiasm of feeling. The fires which burn within us, though they be, perhaps, consuming fires, which waste our lives, and wither up our strength, are often loved and cherished with a tenacity which nothing but the most ardent enthusiasm can inspire.—Every thing around us which can add to the intensity of these feelings and serve to keep them in exercise, is eagerly grasped for this purpose, and wrung to the very dregs. Poetry is the life and soul of their existence. It is the food on which they live, and the atmosphere which they inhale, and to deprive them of it, would be to lessen half the joys of life.

Music has been celebrated, and justly, for its power to move and melt the soul, and lead the heart a willing captive. Its influence is said to extend to beasts and birds, causing the former to forget for a season the ferociousness of their natures, and the latter, to linger on the wing as the dying strains of music float away up into the boundless air. Eloquence has power. It speaks a language that is heard and heeded:—now enchaining the hearts of a fascinated throng, holding as it were a nation's fate poised upon a word or feature; now bursting away like the waves of the sea, bearing a nation upon its bosom.

Poetry unites them both. There is music in its measured flow, and eloquence that speaks to the heart. Every chord of feeling or of passion across which it sweeps, vibrates in harmony with itself; and the breathings of its eloquence are felt in every nerve.

Poetry contributes its share to all the innocent delights of life. Who would not enjoy the beauties of nature with a keener relish from viewing their picture as drawn by the master hand Thompson? As we trace the picture through, and drink its spirit in, we are almost led to think each successive season the loveliest in the year, and involuntarily to "wish that season might always continue."

What heart does not glow in warmer sympathy, and sooner melt in pity for the woes of others, from drinking in the dews of compassion which distil from the lips of Mrs Hemans?—Who does not feel a mournful pleasure, in visiting with her the place of the "buried dead," and weeping with her over the "orphan's grave?" Who does not love to stand with Byron on the Alps and Appenines and commune with the lightning and the storm: or rise with Milton to the home of Angels, and the throne of the great Eternal—or walk in the garden of Eden, and feast upon the delights of that sinless paradise? Oh! there is a luxury in poetry which is dearer to the soul than all the grosser joys of sense! and the finished poet has a power to please far beyond the highest, sweetest strains of earthly music.

Here is a volume before us from Mrs Emma Willard, purporting to be poems, but why, we confess ourselves at a loss to determine, as they seem to us not very much to differ from ordinary prose. 'Tis true they have some of the properties of poetry, especially in the beginning and ending of the lines, which (by the way,) are two very *important* properties.

Of Mrs Willard, the authoress, we know very little, except that she has been employed for some years as an instructress of girls, and has been very successful. She certainly deserves well of all who are friendly to the improvement of females for the zeal she has manifested in their behalf. She has done much to raise the standard of female education, so far as her in-

fluence has extended, and to place her sex on a proper level in society. It is a worthy cause, and, to use her own expression, 'she has served it with a martyr's zeal.' We bid her go on, till females rise from the degrading character of '*pretty things*,' to the dignity of thinking beings, conscious of their worth, and feelingly alive to their true interest.

In many important respects, Mrs W. is eminently calculated for the undertaking—and her former, and present success are far better comments than can be the highest eulogiums. But to allow her talent, and distinguished talent, is not to suppose her capable of every thing; and the work before us shows undeniably that she has *undertaken* what she is utterly incompetent to *perform*, viz: to write *good* poetry; and it is sincerely to be regretted that she should deprive her pupils of her valuable time, for a pursuit, which she was entirely unfitted for, and one in which she probably will never succeed.

It is presumed when an authoress comes before the public that she submits her work to the lash of criticism without claiming for it that delicate forbearance, which, under other circumstances would be due to her sex. It is not from any unkind feeling toward Mrs Willard that we offer our opinion in regard to her poems —much less is it from a wish to depreciate female merit, but rather, that we think it on the whole, not a fair specimen of the talent of our American females, and not calculated in every respect to advance their reputation. We do not deny that there are some *old ideas* very prettily expressed; but they are of so unfrequent occurrence, that they seem to partake more of accident than taste; which is all we have to compensate for toiling through pages of common ideas, clothed in the most unfinished poetry, (if lines written without regard to measure, or the arrangement of feet is deserving of the name,) we have often met with.

While on this part of our subject, we are reminded of the young Clerk, who used to write poetry on the blank leaves of his ledger and fit his measure to the space between the perpendicular lines. For instance, in the following,

"They'd place the besom in their hand, and bid her
"Sweep off the plagues she has scattered; bid her go"—

who would suspect there was poetry if the authoress had not told us so in a note at the top? the third foot being pyrrhic and the fourth a trochee, instead of iambicks. Who but Mrs W. would discover *harmony* in the following measure:

"I say it seems—now pray don't be elated,
"As yet I havn't got my side fairly stated."

In her "Epilogue," spoken by a little girl at the close of an examination we read,

"There's nought so quick will stir my anger all up,
"As a bold tongued and brazen faced strollop."

While noticing this couplet, we were reminded of another which we recollect somewhere to have heard, as illustrating the manner of rhyming, by some, viz:

"Yesterday the wind blew down our well sweep—
"To-day, Father and I put it up—sheep."

which seems as well adapted to our present purpose as if newly coined.

Faults of this kind abound in nearly all parts of the work, and evince either an unpardonable carelessness, or anentire absence of everypoetic talent; and they are of too frequent occurrence to suppose the former.

They are *most* frequent in her Prophetic Strains—and the apology she offers that they were written in two days and two nights, (which she hardly need have told us,) is but a poor palliation, since at present there seems to be but little need of further revelation.

But since she seems gifted with the ken of a Prophetess, it is to be regretted that she did not catch a glimpse of the pretty figure her books would make, occupying a permanent place on the shelf of the future bookseller, under the guardian presence of their fair mistress.*

"The spirit of Prophecy," next in course, is, on the whole, better done, so far as relates to poetic arrangement and measure; yet there is a manifest want of originality in thought and expression, certainly too much for an inspired "Priestess," giving utterance to the breathings of prophecy. The lines reading—

"Why spared the storm—the tardy hurricane
"Genoa's pilot on the untrodden main?
"Curs'd be the bark the rash discov'rer bore—
"And curs'd be freedom's seat, the new found shore,"

incline us to doubt a little of her prophetic gift, though not in the least of her powers of imitation and we congratulate her on having selected so beautiful a model as Montgomery's West Indies.

We have already allowed that her pieces are not entirely destitute of beauties, but they are of too unfrequent occurrence to gain interest and character to the whole.

The delightful sensations produced by the reading of poetry, do not arise from any single beauty, either of thought or expression, nor from the harmony of numbers alone, but from the union of all the thousand beauties, which, arranged and blended, constitute the excellence of poetry. And where any of these are wanting, it loses much of its power to please; but

*Our readers may not all be aware, that the book is ornamented with a splendid engraving of the Authoress.

where it fails of *all*, it becomes powerless and insipid—being in fact much inferior to ordinary prose, since it has all the affectation of poetry without any of its merits. And when such a work appears before the public, it is received with pain by all who are friendly to our growing literature.

In addition to the above, we think Mrs Willard discovers a want of delicacy, and refined feeling essential to a female writer; especially in the use of low, not to say vulgar words and phrases.

Language which may be *allowable* in Shakspeare adds very little charm or popularity to the productions of a female pen. Though in the former they may sometimes excite a laugh, in the latter, they never fail to disgust.

On this point, we wish to be understood.—There is nothing, in the writings or conversation of *ladies* that falls more gratingly on our ears, than the use of what are commonly termed "*by words and phrases.*" Take for illustration a couplet from the poems before us—

"But when we've through it had a squint,
"And turn'd our backs the duce is in't."

This might pass well enough in a play, but we confess our surprise that it should find its way into the poem of an *accomplished* lady.

In short, while there are some things to approve, there are many to condemn; and it is sincerely to be regretted, that a lady sustaining Mrs Willard's reputation for talent and education, should publish a volume reflecting so little honor upon the genius of our American fair. We confess ourselves jealous for this honor, and view with suspicion every thing which is calculated to detract from it We are proud to look over the list of American daughters who have scattered their flowers with a lavish hand over the literature of our own country, and feel that they have budded and blossomed among us: and if we cannot claim for them the perfection of Mrs Hemans, they at least show that our soil is not *hostile* to the growth of female intellect.

If Mrs Willard has bequeathed other legacies of this kind, either to her particular friends or the world, we sincerely hope she will return from Europe to reconsider her will; at least it shall be our prayer that we may not be the object of her munificent regard. H—.

The Baptism—A Fragment.

The altar was before them. Silence stole
With cautious steps, along the sacred walls—
The waves of stifled rust'ling sunk apace
Down to the bosom of the sea of stillness;
Th' attentive eyes, the eyes of all were turn'd
Upon them—the father and the mother
And the infant. * * * * * *
The father, on whose fair and manly brow
Was stamped the impress of humility,
Stood in the opening bloom of manhood there;
And there too stood the mother wrapt in thought.
A heavenly calmness rested on her features,
And all who saw her, felt that her pure soul
Held sweet communion with the God of Love.
With eyelids half unclosed and yet asleep,
The infant laid upon its mother's bosom—
And smiled as though its dreams were dreams of joy.
Silence became more still, for Angels were
And God was there, and spirits of the bless'd
Were gazing on the scene with heavenly smiles.
The man of God approach'd th' eternal throne
Of Mercy. Oh! there's something in the breath
That *prays*, so deep and awful yet so sweet
It can but win the soul that loves its God.
* * * * * * * * * * *
From her extended arms, he took the babe—
The band infrangible that twined their hearts
Than youth's first, warmest love, more firm and close—
And brought the precious offering to his God.
Oh! hast thou known dependence deep and calm,
That prompts the willing spirit to resign
The dearest love that occupies the heart,
To Gods own care.
Oh! mark the heavenly flood
That from the fountain of their bosoms springs,
As now the chrystal drops fall on the brow,
And tremble there until the solemn lips
Slowly pronouce "her name, the name of both"—
Cornelia— * * * * * * *
Oh! who
Would break the calm communion of a scene
Like this? Like this, where love, e'en love o'ercomes
And beauty, beauty conquers. * * *

MONTREUIL.

Reflections on the Beauties of Nature.

When primeval nature slumbered in her own mysterious solitude, and the embryo elements slept in the dark recesses of their original chaos, seen by no eye but the almighty's, then it was that they first felt the power of Omnipotence, bringing them to maturity, and fitting them for the stations which they were destined to occupy. The dismal scene was visited by no being savn him who is omnipresent, and none but him who is omnicient conceived the grand design. From this chaotic mass he formed the planetary system which still rolls on with such grand and awful sublimity. He set to the seas their bounds, and commanded the waves to be still. The winds were obedient to his will—they blew at his command—at his command they ceased. Air, earth, and sea showed his glorious works. The green vales over which were scattered, with the rich luxuriance of Nature, flowers of surpassing beauty, and through which meandered streams, whose silvery waves reflected as in a mirror, the objects which stood upon their banks; the little hills, which ever and anon diverted from their course forming beautiful curves, till they were lost by their own wanderings, equally displayed the wondrous works of God with the lofty mountain from

whose side tumbles the foaming torrent, or from whose summit the mighty oak towers towards heaven. Every object was either beautiful or grand to behold; every sound melodious to the ear; and every variety of fruit delicious to the taste. The planets which performed their wonted rounds with such exactness were most of all a cause of admiration to succeeding generations. To behold the sun riding sublime in the heavens, and causing light and darkness alternately to visit various portions of the earth, cannot fail to fill the mind with the highest sense of adoration to Him who made it. Next in glory was the moon, who with a less piercing, but equally serene gaze, like a guardian angel kept watch of all things by night. These are, and ever was, and ever will be, like him who made them, the same and unchangeable. The one reigns supreme monarch of the day, dispensing life and activity to all animated beings, no less than to the various vegetable productions of the earth; the other a goddess of the night, who triumphs over darkness as if beholding the works of men in this lower world, and eclipsing the glimmering fires of those myriads of stars which are scattered over the broad expanse of heaven. Since time began she has ever rolled on undying in her eternal course. But these are not all. For when the frigid bonds of winter which have long held their melancholy dominion over the earth, are beginning to dissolve by the increasing heat of the sun; when the genial influence of spring returns with the prospect of a prolific vegetation, and the mountains, woods and plains, clothed in their green robes, seem to reanimate; then it is that man feels as if the birth day of his existence had returned. Indeed it is one of the brightest emblems of the transitory existence of man. For when autumn again returns and the vegetable world is stripped of its covering, man may justly be reminded of the shortness of life. All the productions of nature seem to expire and reanimate with the changes of the seasons. The native productions of the earth, after having arrived to maturity and approached the season of decay, become decomposed and enrich the earth for a succession of vegetable productions. Thus it is with the human race; "one generation passeth and another cometh." But after all our speculations upon this subject the attempt seems presumptous. The more we meditate upon it, the more grand and sublime it appears. It is no less than an attempt to comprehend the designs of the "eternal King of Kings," and well might the poet exclaim—

"All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body nature is, and God the soul."

When we look abroad over the world and inquire whence this harmony which pervades the whole universe; why the air is filled with the music of the feathered race which join in celestial harmony to sing their maker's praise; why the earth was divided into land and water; the earth covered with one unbounded forest, in which the various animal tribes roamed in tho't less security—the water filled with the innumerable finny race sporting in the silvery waves; we are furnished with irresistible testimony of the existence of the Supreme Being. And it is also evident that that Being controlls the destinies of men, and dispenses to them either happiness or misery in all conditions of life. We behold every portion of the globe yielding its peculiar productions, either growing spontaneously, or requiring the aid of cultivation. It is true that nature seems to have lavished all her charms upon some favored spot, and upon another to have cast all her rubbish. But this conclusion would be incorrect, because it would destroy the natural harmony which prevails through out the whole order of nature. Although the field maybe barren and cheerless, or disfigured by rocks and hills; yet it may conceal within its secret bosom, the glittering gold and sparkling diamonds. Some persons imagine themselves happy if they are situated according to their convenience or fancy; and on the other hand, unhappy if in their external condition there seems to be any thing wanting to complete their enjoyment. Would they but unfold the book of nature, they would see harmony and beauty enstamped on all created things. Could they look upon the forest filled with the sweetest notes of nature's minstrelsy, and say that aught of misery was there? Could they look upon the verdant landscape strewed with flowers with here and there a rivulet flowing peacefully within its mossy banks; or on the cloudless sky burnished with the glittering rays of the king of day, and not forget, for a time, their former sorrows? No! for then the mind is full of the contemplation of the vast expanse—it grasps at a subject too capacious for its comprehension, and shrinks back impressed with a sense of its own free conceptions. Then comes the recollection of its sorrows; and as it flits from the contemplation of infinite space to itself—and from itself again to infinity, it seems alternately contracted and expanded till it is lost in its own imaginations. LOTHARIO.

A QUESTION ANSWERED.

A person asked Zeno, the philosopher, if wise men fall in love. His answer was, "if *wise* men do not fall in love, *beautiful* women must be very unfortunate."

Enthusiasm.

The mind is the glory of man. It separates him from all other animate nature, it exalts him in the scale of being, and gives him a relationship to celestial intelligences. To scrutinize its wondrous powers, to analyze its various feelings, to trace their connexion with each other, with the moral world and with human happiness, has ever been the delightful employment of the wise and learned.

No truth is more evident, than, that many of its feelings implanted for most noble purposes, and calculated to afford the sublimest joys, have been most criminaly perverted. Man is strongly inclined to some dangerous extreme, and is frequently hurried on by a blind impetuosity, to deeds, which sober reason disapproves, and which virtue and humanity condemn. Amidst a countless variety, there are many, who are guided more by feeling than by principle. Such often mistake an overheated and misguided zeal, for that nobler ardor of the mind, which, when based on reason and truth, leads its possessor onward to decisive action in glorious enterprizes.

Numbers have appeared in our world, who have proclaimed themselves the peculiar favorites of Heaven. With the presumptuous allegation that they were commissioned by the Great Supreme, they have advanced to their work of delusion; and calling to their aid, the credulity, ignorance, and depravity of men, have allured multitudes to their standard. Requisitions the most absurd, and observances the most degrading have been imposed; and systems fraught with error, have by their influence, been palmed upon the world. The legitimate fruits of error are debasement and crime. And when the phrenzied passions of men add wings to its native celerity, it makes its way to every clime, spreading in its untiring flight, evils more deadly than the tree of Java, and more lasting than the pillars of the earth. Those who are acquainted with the annals of idolatrous nations, the wide spread imposture of Arabia, and the fanatic and vindictive spirit of Papacy, know well the pernicious effects of over-heated and misguided feeling. And this is *perverted enthusiasm.*

But *enthusiasm itself* is not injurious to man, nor subservient to the cause of error, nor should it be eradicated from the human breast. Unconnected with extraneous appendages, it advances his happiness and confers upon him distinguished benefits; it elevates the intellect and nerves the pinions of the imagination. It exhibits the works of nature and of art in their loveliest garb. It gives more beauty to the green herb and fragrant flower; and renders more sublime the waving forest, the majestic river, swelling its crystal tide as it rolls onward to the distant ocean, the roaring cataract, the cloud-cap mountain, the volcano, pouring out its desolating lava, and the forked lightning, flashing through the vaulted heavens.

It beautifies the pages of the historian. If destitute of this quality, his heroes and sages fail to awaken interest, and seem as lifeless as their slumbering ashes. But if this attribute lend him its kindly aid, his pages wear a charm, and exhibit a glowing and vivid reality. His orators stand before you, and pour forth their strains of melting eloquence, leading captive their listening auditors. The worthies and the heroes of other times seem reanimated and acting over their former achievements; and the ancient fields of carnage appear in all their terrific sublimity. Cities in ruins swarm with living inhabitants, and empires, long blotted from the catalogue of nations, seem yet to awe a subjugated world.

It is the life and glory of the poet. Extinguish this within his bosom, and you deprive him of his power, and render him unworthy of the name. True, his numbers may still flow; but they will become a stream of dark and stagnant waters. Let the most perfect models of poetry be shorn of those glories, with which this has invested them, and they will exhibit the wreck of their former greatness, and the shadow of their original lustre, and will soon be known only in the annals of the past. It is not sufficient in the productions of the poet, that they be characterized by solid sense, nor that vice is reprobated and virtue applauded. While *that* is portrayed in all its native hideousness and deformities, which his imagination can but fully conceive, and words of earthly origin can but faintly delineate, he will represent *this* as the offspring of heaven, most beautiful where beauty reigns, loveliest where all is love, best among the good, the emanation from the fountain of life and excellence.

On yonder towering summit, behold the temple of science. View on all sides the obstructions and acclivities, which impede every approach to it. Observe the long distance, and peruse the epitaphs of those, who have fallen in their course, some midway, others at the very vestibule; and then imagine, who, in that vast collection of youth, that have commenced their journey thither, will gain the accent to reap the proffered rewards, and participate in the choice dainties, prepared at yonder banquet? Mark those, who linger at the foot of the ascent, and gaze without desire upon the distant fane. Not far advanced, see others whose resolution fails

them as they survey the distance and the toils before them. Far onward up the eminence, behold that *ardent* band, whom no difficulty can dishearten, and no toil unnerve. And as they press onward in their march to glorious attainments, tell us the reason, ye that have watched the workings of the mind, why these linger not. Does science open her portals more widely, and offer her rewards to these alone? Does she exhibit her peculiar delights and her perennial springs in more alluring characters to these? And when others fail of that, which ocean's brightest pearls can never purchase, why do these redouble their exertions and seize the prize? Ah, their spirits are alive and active, and in their bosoms glows a manly zeal, a steadfast resolution, an unabating ardor and a noble enthusiasm.

The records of the past furnish numerous instances of the utility of this emotion. This kindled the poetic flame in the bosoms of Scio's sightless bard and Mantua's favorite son. This lent its wonted aid to him, who sang of deeds performed before the Almighty said "Let there be light." This waked the tuneful harp, which "rolled its numbers down the tide of time."

This led the Spartan Leonidas to offer himself and his gallant band, as a sacrifice for the preservation of his country's liberties. It was this which roused the energies of those worthies, who ganied our nation's freedom. This touched the heart of him, who, when darkness was obscuring our fathers' fondest hopes, nerved his youthful arm, poured forth his treasures, and shed his noble blood while contending for our liberties. Never, *never* let the freemen of America, forget the philanthropic enthusiasm which animated the generous La Fayette. Nor did this want a place in the bosom of Mount Vernon's sage, as he advanced in bold defiance of the power of Britain, leading our armies forth to victory and our nation on to glory.

But this ennobling principle is not confined to terrestrial things. It transports its possessor above the transient scenes of this dark earth, and banquets his aspiring mind on entertainments more delightful and sublime. It points him to other spheres; and while it represents them as peopled with intelligencies, enlightened, spotless, and happy, and displays their harmony and grandeur, as they circle in their mighty revolutions, their central suns, it fastens his attention on an object far beyond created things, the Sun of Righteousness, at whose glorious presence, this orb and these heavens shall flee away. PIERRE.

July Fourth,

The Fifty-Fifth Anniversary of American Independence.

Among the various privileges that are congenial to the nature and feelings of a man, the one that seems to confer the right of self government, may emphatically be said to occupy a pre-eminent station. It is not necessary to revert to the historical page of ancient greatness to prove the veracity of this assertion—it accords with the views of every true American, inspires him with feelings that are unknown to the oppressed—animates the mind, and produces joy and satisfaction in contemplating that period in which liberty and freedom were first proclaimed. No time appears more suitable for the occasion than the occurrence of that day in which the pæans of liberty were first sounded in our ears; and glorious to relate, this day is proclaimed by every American citizen as the fifty-fifth anniversary of American Independence. And may we not indulge ourselves in believing that this proclamation is wafted to other climes, sounds in the ears of distant tyrants, and makes them tremble on their thrones, while man, so long the victim of oppression, awakes from the slumber of ages, and bursts his chains. From East to West, from North to South, is heard but one voice—all seem to mingle together in chaunting forth the blest song of jubilee. The roar of artillery ushered in this glorious day, and we arose to enjoy the blessings of freedom, and to hail the annual recurrence of that day that announced the dawn of American Independence. The recollection of this day will inspire the hearts of future millions, yet unborn with sentiments that are congenial to the breasts of freemen, and thus continue to breathe and inhale freedom's air until the fire of liberty shall be kindled on every hill, and shine with an unextinguishable lustre in every valley. But while we enjoy the benefits of a long and uninterrupted peace, and the blessings that accrue to a nation smoothly gliding down the tide of time under the waving banner of freedom, other sections of the world are deluged in blood, its inhabitants groaning under the yoke of oppression, and experiencing all the hardships that cruel barbarity can inevnt. While the rays of education are illuminating our understandings, unfolding the latent beauties of the mind, and concentrating its energies, men of other sections, of equal birth, are ignorant in the extreme—destitute of all the finer feelings and noble principles of enlightened minds, and unsusceptible of the exalted impressions resulting from the scenery of the surrounding creation—a mere animal pleased with his poverty of intel-

lect and savage degradation. America needs not to be compared with the eastern world to prove the benefits resulting from liberty. Our own sufferings sufficiently illustrate this assertion—when cruelty and injustice waved their banners over equal rights, insulting barbarity spread her wings over helpless innocence, and savage ferocity imbrued the sword and tomahawk in human gore. When the widow wept over the funeral pile of her earthly benefactor, and trembled at the sight of her infant about to become the victim of savages that were not only destitute sf humanity, but echoed the war-whoop of exultation at the groans and tears of their fellow-men. The bare recollection of the sufferings of the soldiers cannot fail to melt the stoutest heart, and cause the tear of sympathy to flow down the manly cheek, and chase away the smile that is pictured upon the countenance.

The thrice illustrious Washington, whose mortal remains have long since mouldered back to their kindred dust, under the corroding hand of time, demands a moment's consideration while commemorating the day that the American eagle hovered over and plucked the fairest gem from the crown of Briton's king, and gently spread her bright wings to bear the glorious news to every citizen of Columbia's land. Truly it may be said "that he had studied the rights of man in the great volume of nature," which enabled him to assert and maintain such principles as were calculated to promote the interest and welfare of a nation. When his lamp of life was nearly extinguished, with a pleasing prospect he looked back upon his past life, and saw with rapture the innumerable blessings he had accumulated as the dowry of America. On the day of his dissolution "his disembodied spirit was upborne with the blessings of ten thousand freemen," and left a name that the wreaths of immortal praises shall perpetuate till time shall cease to exist. Ever since America nobly achieved her independence—burst the chains of ignominious thraldom and European vassalage, and placed upon her brow the never-fading chaplet of renown, consecrated to the genius of liberty, she has proceeded with a firm and steady progress in that path that conducts a nation to the summit of greatness. While Europe has been torn and convulsed with revolution succeeding revolution, America has remained calm, a proud spectator of the wreck and destruction of falling empires. America has taught nations that "to be free, is to be happy." Already are the pæans of liberty sounded from British America to the southern wilds of Patagonia, snd the palladiums of national liberty erected on the ruins of Spanish tyranny. Let us turn for a moment to the land of story and song, and contemplate the awful reality that is there presented. When but a few years since the dismal portraiture of ruin and misery was invincibly gathering, ever deepening around a nation where, it was feared, the sun of science had set forever. She presented a spectacle that could not fail to produce the sympathetic tear in beholding her so degraded and fallen. Astronomy had long since abandoned the light and beauties of the Grecian skies. The Muse had left the deserted shores of the "sea-girt Scio." In vain did Philosophy weep over the ashes and grave of her Solon.—When again shall another Homer arise to sing in deathless strains of another Achilles? When again shall the proud host of invasion yield the palm of victory to Grecian valor on the plains of Marathon, or at the straits of Thermopylæ? Cursed be the apathy that feels not for the isles of Greece, where "Delos rose and Sappho sung," cold and cheerless be the heart that seeks not death, and sheds not its last drop of life-giving blood for the maintainance of her liberty, and the restoration of her former glory.—The mere rehearsal of the bravery of her ancient heroes, the recollection of Grecian genius in composition, and the memory of the unrivaled poets caused the wings of victory's god to overshadow them, and crowned their arms with triumph. Perhaps when the American star of liberty shall have grown dim in her course and shot from her sphere, that of Greece will shine brightest, and sicken as much in seeing the fall of ours, as ours increases its lustre in beholding her's rising in its oriental majesty. But to-day other sections of the European world are boldly contending for freedom, waving in triumph the banner of victory, and anticipating that the day will ere long arrive when they shall celebrate, with the same pride, the recurrence of that day that told them they were free, and bestow the same encomiums upon Skryznecki and Dwernicki, as we do to-day upon Washington and Lafayette. Who can say what blessings are still held in store for her? Truly we can adopt the motto of Thomas Jefferson, "that mankind are capable of self-government." It ought to be our ardent desire, that the world may be regenerated—that the sun of science may irradiate the minds of its inhabitants, and thus imbibe those principles that will secure them happiness and prosperity. The Arab when he sits down in his tent to repose, often speaks of a land that lies far over the waste of waves, that is fanned by the cooling breeze of freedom, and for a moment he seems to be there, but the thought of his own native land erases the thought from his mind. But to return to our own land, the pride and the boast of every American, the dread of every allied ty-

rant and unsecreted royalty. Truly America has never enriched herself with the spoils of conquest—the trappings of dethroned kings, or the plunder of vanquished nations. If her hills have ever echoed to the clarion of war, if her arm has ever been nerved in the strength of battle, or if her gigantic prowess has been evinced in the field of death, it has been in the defence of her freedom, and in the preservation of her own unalienable rights and dearest prerogatives. The wisdom of her laws—the condition, ability and integrity of her national councils—their vigilance and watchfulness over the rights, lives and property of every individual, the learning and intelligence of every grade of society, form an interesting trait in the American government, unknown among other nations, and unparalleled in the annals of history. To the institutions of learning, among which this is not the least, is to be attributed the elevation of our country among the nations of the earth. These institutions diffuse around the sacred precincts of a nation, an atmosphere fatal to slavery and despotism, and alike disastrous to the approach of tyranny and foreign oppression. In every country over which the despot would extend his sway and obtain undisputed dominion, his first grand object is to overthrow the venerable abodes of science, degrade and humble the correct views and principles of humanity, with all the glorying beneficence of nature, and debase and imbrute the minds of men. Then comes slavery with all its frightful horrors and blighting miseries—

> Amusement with its van of woe confined,
> And sorrow's faded form and solitude combined.

The privileges of equal justice and national freedom are cherished and preserved only by the invigorating influence of the light of knowledge, and the day spring of science and literature. As well might earth assume the garb of spring, and array herself in all the gorgeous apparelings of summer, amidst inclement snows, as blessings of liberty and independence enveloped in the gloom of ignorance and moral darkness. Rome, at the proudest period of her magnificence and matchless glory, shorn of the rays of science, would have stood like the Pyramids of Egypt in the midst of solitude and ruin, and within the sepulchral gloom and cheerless desolation of the clouds of death, the Roman eagle would not have waved in triumph over the plains of Carthage, or perched her victories over the waves of the Tiber. The inhabitants of America, then, can to-day boast of their envied pre-eminence. The bosom of every revolutionary patriot glows with new emotions of joy in contemplating that eventful day in which their capability of self-government was announced. He loves to dwell upon those events that gave birth to a new republic and resulted in the enjoyment of Heaven's last and best gift to man. Surrounded by the roar of artillery that awakes the latent feelings of the human breast, he anticipates that before another year shall have gone by, that he will be beyond all earthly scenes.

Thus far has America with unequalled strides advanced toward that goal at which she is destined to arrive. Under the guidance of an all-wise Providence she will stem the torrent of opposition and eventually see the nations of the world enjoy the blessings of freedom and emancipation.

B.

To the Undergraduate—

SIR, your last number but two, contains a letter addressed to you, signed "Cornelia," to which she complains, in plaintive tones, of her "present embarrassing situation." As this is intended for me, I consider myself justly entitled to a defence in the same way, in which she complains. I should be insensible to the fine feelings of the modern *beau*, were I to forbear making her my acknowledgements for her mention of me as a "*young coxcomb.*" In the mouth this is sweeter than honey; but in the belly as bitter as gall. If she had employed days, in search of a better epithet, she would not have *accidentally* met with a more applicable one, one that would have excited the curiosity of your readers more than this. I have *no* money and consequently *no* intelligence. As for crossing her path *accidentally*, I absolutely deny, it was a deep, lucid and premeditated plan, not of mine, but of a friend. If she had deferred writing a few days, the "brilliant safety chain" might not have been mentioned as not paid for, because I paid for *that*, as soon as I saw her letter. "The late new suit," is not unpaid for. I should have paid for it when it was bought, but I kept the money for the wedding. I would now ask her to consider whether she thinks this behavior will appear to me as amiable when a husband as it now does to her while I am her *lover*. Tell her I am up to the ears in love with her, for she is a *half* a *ton* handsomer than all the remainder of the *Coquettes* in Middlebury, and then see if she will turn up her nose to

TIM FICKLE-MINDED.

MARRIED,

In this village, Mr Ira O. Prouty to Miss Mary Nixon, daughter of Mr Artemas Nixon.

DIED,

In New-Haven, Hiram, son of David Mores, aged 4 years and 4 months.